Let's Roll Down the Rapids and Find A Wave That Fits

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by richietoaster

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King
Genre: (eddie), Angst, Happy Ending, Kissing, M/M, Mentions of Sex, boys being stupid about their feelings, eddie crashes a wedding, im sorry, implications of sex, over use of italics
Language: English
Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, og female character
Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/ Richie Tozier
Status: Completed
Published: 2017-09-22
Updated: 2017-09-22
Packaged: 2020-01-20 16:20:19
Rating: Not Rated
Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,695
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

“You are formally invited to Richie Tozier and Angie Morris’ wedding..” Eddie reads off of Stan’s invitation. His friends give him a look.
“Stop looking at me like that.’ Eddie sniffles.
“We’re sorry,” Beverly tries, “I thought he would at least invite you, too.. I mean, you two were best friends.”
“Yeah,” Eddie scoffs, “were.”

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Author's Note:

> I never thought a gay ship in a horror film who isn't canon (lets be real, it IS CANON) would get me to post again. ENJOY! :)

“You are formally invited to Richie Tozier and Angie Morris’ wedding..” Eddie reads off of Stan’s invitation. His friends give him a look.

“Stop looking at me like that.’ Eddie sniffles.

“We’re sorry,” Beverly tries, “I thought he would at least invite you, too.. I mean, you two were best friends.”

“Yeah,” Eddie scoffs, “ *were.* ”

“C’mon, Ed..” Stan attempts to steer him away from looking at the invitation.

“No. *No.* I was his best friend. We did *everything* together. And now I don’t mean anything to him. Anymore.”

Ben puts a hand on his shoulder, “Well.. does it have anything to do with the fact you haven’t spoken with him in five years?”

Eddie goes stiff. “ *No.* ”

“He doesn’t want to talk about it,” Mike defends quietly.

“A-And that’s okay.” Bill pulls a frown. He knows his friend is hurting.

Eddie shakes his head, “No, Bill. They’re right. It isn’t okay. There’s nothing I can do.. Now.” He pauses, “Who the *fuck* is Angie Morris anyway?”

“His fiancée.”

“Shut the fuck up, Stan.”

Everyone is quiet for a moment. Then Eddie takes a puff from his inhaler and says, “Looks like I’m gonna crash a wedding.”

“ *What!?* ” Everyone’s eyes widen. This isn’t what they thought Eddie’s reaction would be. He’s come a long way from his younger self. This was a side they have never seen before. It was different. A good different.

“Yep. That’s what I’m gonna do... I need a drink.”

And that was that. Eddie was going to crash the wedding.

Eddie has his phone in his hand, flipping it in the air every once in awhile. He keeps debating on texting Richie, but goes against it each time. He can’t let him know that he knows about the wedding. Eddie’s never been a good liar, anyway. He needs to tell someone what happened between him and Richie. He texts Stan.

The door to his apartment opens a mere twenty minutes later. Stan’s voice rings out, “Heyo, I’m here.” He pauses once he sees Eddie looking so serious. “Ed? What’s wrong?”

“I have to tell you- I have to tell someone about what happened with Richie.. Five years ago.”

“Ed, you don’t have to-”

“-I do, though.”

Stan sits next to Eddie on the couch, “O-okay..”

“Remember on my 21st birthday we all went out together?”

Stan hums.

“Richie kept joking, telling me how I should find some girl to pull-”

“-but you’re gay.”

“He didn’t know that yet.. Anyway, I was beyond drunk at that point. I mean, we all were.” Eddie laughs, “I yelled at him, I told him that he must be really stupid if he couldn’t see how much I love him. I may have been drunk but I know what I was doing.. Richie told me that he loved me, too.”

“So?” Stan says, “What’s the problem?”

“He took me back to his place.. We, uh, we had sex for the first time that night. I woke up the next morning, groggy as fuck, but I knew where I was. Some events of the night before were a blur, but I still seemed to remember everything that happened between us. Yet when I lifted the covers off of us, I somehow was surprised when I saw us naked together. Naturally, I panicked and left.”

“You fucking dumbass.”

Eddie stand up and puts a hand through his hair, “ *I know, Stan!* I know, I know, I know! I tried calling him that same day. He was obviously really pissed, but I tried. I know it was a mistake. I should’ve stayed. Maybe if I did, he would have too.”

“You can’t blame yourself, Eddie.” Stan tells him.

“Yes, I can. He was the only good thing that happened to me. He was there for me for everything. And now he’s getting married. And I wasn’t even invited. I still love him, Stan. That’s why I have to crash his wedding.”

“When did you become such a badass, Eddie Kaspbrak?”

Eddie shrugs, “comes with age, I guess.”

They both laugh.

“So, what’s the plan?”

“I don’t know. I don’t really have one. I was gonna wing it. I just know that I need help being snuck in.”

The day comes quicker than Eddie had hoped it would. The gang gets ready together.

“Getting cold feet?” Beverly asks, straightening his tie.

“Ha, ha.”

“At least you look so niceeee.”

“Thanks, it’s my dream to look the best I’ve ever looked in my life, crashing a wedding.”

“Okay, so how are we doing this?” Mike asks in the church parking lot.

“I don’t know. No plan, just get me in.”

“ *What* ? Eddie, I could have helped you figure something out.” Ben says.

“Y-Yeah, i-it’s not very smart.” Bill agrees.

“Maybe not, but now there’s no time.”

“What are you going to say?” Beverly asks.

“Hm. Not sure. Maybe I’ll quote some Taylor Swift. Richie loves Taylor Swift.”

“Fucking idiot,” Stan mutters. The others hum in agreement.

“I can’t believe you’re doing this.” Ben says. They’re sitting now, the wedding about to start.

The music begins. The flower girl and ring bearer go first, then the bridesmaids and groomsmen, and then everyone stands up. For a second, Eddie looks at Richie, and he doesn’t see him smiling. *Who the fuck doesn’t smile when they’re about to be wedded?*

Eddie has a boost in confidence, and thinks that maybe it will go well. He ignores the first part of the minister’s speech about marriage because *blah blah blah* and then-

“Are there any objections? Speak now or forever hold your peace.”

That’s his cue. He stands up slowly, not really know what to do.

“ *Eddie?!* ” Richie tries to scream, but it comes out a whisper.

“H-Hey, Rich..”

“Are you fucking kidding me?!” The bride says.

“I, uh.. I’ve never done this before, or seen this in person, so I guess I should start by apologizing? Especially to the bride,” Eddie shrugs, “sorry.. But I have to do this.. And to you, Richie. Especially to you. With went down that night five years ago.. I-I shouldn’t have left, but I panicked. That’s a shitty excuse, I know, but it’s the truth. I have beat myself up for it for the last five years, and I never forgave myself. I still haven’t..” He pauses and recites part of a Taylor Swift, “Well, you know me, Rich.. I’m not the type of guy who rudely barges in on white vail occasions, but you’re not the type of guy who

should be marrying the wrong person."

Eddie hears Richie try not to stifle a laugh.

"Anyway, I loved you back when we were in middle school and shit, and I.. I still love you. *I'm in love with you.* Even after these five years of you basically hating and ignoring me.." Eddie steps out and away from the seats, now standing in the isle. "I don't- I didn't come here expecting you to take me back. A-And that's *fine* if you don't.. I just want my best friend back."

Richie chokes out a sob and walks toward Eddie.

"*Richie, what are you doing?* Are you *serious* right now? We were in the middle of getting fucking *married.*" Angie yells at her groom. Richie ignores her.

"You fucking idiot," Richie whispers softly. "I've- I've never- I could *never* hate you." He takes Eddie's head in his hands and looks into his eyes. His own are sincere. "So, we're both kind of stubborn-"

" *And stupid* !" A voice calls out.

"Yes, thank you, Stan." Richie clears his throat, "We're both stubborn *and* stupid and I've never wanted anything more than what happened that night, five years ago. Eds, I-I don't know what I was thinking, okay? That should've been you and me up there."

The bride scoffs and crosses her arms, "Really, Richie?"

"I.. I am so, so, *so* in love with you, Eddie Kaspbrak, and you don't know the half of it." Richie runs a finger along side of Eddie's cheek.

"I didn't expect you to say anything back, honestly.. But, can you please kiss me now? I'm getting desperate." Eddie pouts.

"Even at twenty-six, I still feel like a schoolgirl with a crush around you." Richie closes the gap between them and kisses Eddie like it's their last.

Richie pulls back and looks around, now remembering his surroundings, "I- uh, I gotta go. Sorry everyone.. *Let's go, Eddie.* "

Richie takes his hand and they rush out of the building, the gang following in tow.

Richie pushes Eddie against the church's wall and grabs his face, "I've missed you so much," and kisses him once more, with everything he's got.

It soon turns to just panting into each others' mouths and mouthing at one another's necks.

"I'm almost sure this is a sin but okay. This- This is fine." Eddie jokes.

"Well, I'm glad someone pulls away. We thought Eddie's asthma would flare up from not getting enough oxygen," Beverly laughs and pauses. "We, uh. We'll catch up later?"

The group nods and a mixture of "Yeah"s and "okay"s and "sound good"s are said.

Eddie clears his throat, "Do you wanna get out of here?"

"Mhm. Let's. Like now."

The next morning when Eddie finds them naked together, he's not hung over, he's not panicked, and he's *definitely* not leaving. He rolls onto his stomach and leans over Richie's sleeping form and presses one, two, three kisses onto his chest. He glances at the many purple hickies on Richie's neck. *He* did that.

Eddie listens to his breathing and sighs quietly, "What have you done to me, Tozier? I think I wanna marry you."

Richie opens one eye and snorts. "You *think?* That isn't too convincing." He rubs Eddie's arm.

Eddie laughs, "I *want* to marry you."

“All in good time, baby. C’mere.”

Richie leans down to capture Eddie’s lips with his own.

“I can’t believe you left your bride at the altar for me.” Eddie whispers.

“I’d do anything for you. I’d do your m-”

“Do not finish that sentence, fuckface.”

“.. monthly payments.”

Eddie hates him.

“I hate you.”

“No you don’t.”

“No I don’t.”

Author's Note:

my tumblr: http://croke-park-princess.tumblr.com/